



Id **Post Author** Stacy Wade Hager (842329274)**Post Date** 2021-01-12 13:16:21 UTC

Post BERE WITNESS ANYWAYS Whewwww, where to start.. Where to start.. Part 1 In the beginning, When Trump announced he was having a rally for support in DC on the 6th of January I thought, "I'd like to be there for that." Little did I know then that the thought of liking to be there would morph into a compelling feeling of being called to be there complete with dreams for extra motivation. By the time January rolled around I was worried into a frenzy of compelling emotions that I could not deny. That one thought had somehow snowballed into a feeling of duty as an American, a calling, if you will.. I have a friend some of you know, his name is Jefferson Lee Smith who was cut from the very same cloth as I and patriotic to the core. We made plans to drive up overnight and sleep in a parking spot in the truck if we got there early. Instead we opted for a motel room, got up at the crack of dawn preformed our 3 S's and proceeded to the rally. We finally found a parking spot after driving the streets for some time and walked in from a mile away, but We went anyways. For days upon days the MSM hammered on our brains that there may be trouble and not to go. I personally had visions of mayhem from jihadists bombings, to a missile strike from our own government on into riot clashes with BLM and Antifa. The media machine was in full tilt brainwash mode stop the people from coming. We went anyways. But I must admit, sitting in the truck before heading into the rally, I had a real eminent sense of doom as many others must have. At that time we had no idea of the scale of how many would join us against the onslaught of negative press, but were given small clues along this path we had all choosen in blind faith. We

had all heard the warnings from every even slightly conservative news source of Antifa trying to infiltrate our ranks to cause us trouble and redirect that onto our President. We went anyways. All morning radio and TV were making announcements of what would be allowed at the rally, no backpacks, no flagpoles, no outside containers, etc. Warnings of minimal facilities and lack of fresh water. We carried ours and went anyways. Walking in I was struck again with the feeling of fear and eminent doom as we walked through the Teddy Roosevelt granite garden on our way to the Washington Monument where the rally was to take place near. An individual walked along side us and struck up a conversation with Jeffrey, Jeff talks with everyone btw, who was wearing 2 backpacks front and back complete with axe handles sticking out the top of the one on his back along with what looked like a tripod sticking out as well. He insinuated he was packing iron too.. It freaked me out enough to fall back 20 or more yards while walking in. That's the second time I had felt a sense of doom both within 20 minutes of one another. We proceeded anyways. I have always wanted to go to D.C. as a tourist to visit the monuments and see them up close where so many wonderful and historic events have taken place in this nation. I have been particularly excited to see the Lincoln Memorial, but today I was not a tourist and the Lincoln Memorial was not on the priority list of things to do. We strolled past the reflection pool and the World War II memorial without a stop as well. As we approached the Washington Monument hundreds of people turned into thousands of people and as we topped the hill it stands on the thousands turned into 100's of thousands as the eclipse started to come into focus. We stopped and set up camp there. In just minutes the sea of people grew into the millions, every race and creed known to man where there young and old, black and white, rich and poor, sane and not so sane,, truly the melting pot that is America. People inside the eclipse were wearing their flags as capes having had to discard their poles to gain entrance. They went anyways. There was an overwhelming common shared sense of calling that had brought this many people to one place at the same time. Every single person we spoke with had the same calling, we were one and we had all come anyways despite the squawking of mass media naysayers and propagandists on every single channel. We had come anyways. When the media machine tells people that what they see with their very own eyes is not proof of election fraud, intelligent people call bullshit! We had come there BECAUSE of the media machine. They are responsible for millions upon millions of people who support our President no matter what their name may be or political beliefs are. We are not STUPID, but we are very pissed off! More than a few of the Patriots who arrived in Washington did not like our President very much, but felt as compelled as the rest of us To Be There Anyways. And come we did. We came in the millions. We came in wheel chairs, in crutches and with walkers. We came on foot, on skateboards, by bicycle, in cars, on buses, on trains and on planes. We came in every color and creed, we came solo, in pairs, we came in congregations, we came in troops, we came in battalions, and we came as Americans! Never have I ever witnessed, seen or even heard of something this patriotic. It was monumental! We had indeed went anyways. We had come to hear the President lay out his case for election fraud, but what we got was the same ole speech we had been hearing for the past 2 months. Not a single person there was impressed. He

sounded tired. He sounded defeated. The crowd mourned. We felt defeated. Thousands upon thousands left early to march to the capital especially the elderly so they could get a spot closer to the capital to sit and await the outcome of the electoral vote. And as the speech drew to an end he mentioned several times that peace was the way forward regardless of the outcome. A point missed by the media machine which includes ALMOST every channel at your disposal. From that point forward nothing that happened was about Donald J Trump. We marched anyways. The march was up Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol, but we decided to avoid the crowd as much as possible and chosen to take Independence Avenue which was the more direct route from the Washington Monument to the Capitol. As we walked and talked with those around us we found that a pretty fair percent them were packing firearms which we had researched prior to coming and found that firearms are not permitted in D.C. and it is a felony to possess them. They had brought them anyways. Ask me about the botanical garden story some other time, lol. As we approached the Capitol grounds the scene was truly awe inspiring. A virtual sea of Patriots with flags and backpacks who Had Also Brought Them Anyways. Upon stepping foot the Capitol grounds the feeling of doom over came me Again. There is a video of it on my page. If you've ever walked into a haunted attraction and felt a sense of something is really wrong with the atmosphere of a place then you might get a sense of what it felt like. To be quite honest, it felt like walking into hell. The mood instantly changed from one of hope to one of desperation. It was like entering a battle zone and you were marked to die. I felt like I had draw the wild card from the jump. No lie. We went anyways. The entire experience was 100% percent positive thus far from waking at the crack of dawn, of which I never do, to the constant news reports of impending violence to frustratingly looking for a place to park through overcoming fears of eminent doom to being let down by a speech you've heard before on down to the extreme lack of facilities. There was Almost no place to get water or use the restroom and the lines for those were tremendous and that's a major understatement. Everything bad that had happened thus far didn't really feel so heavy because there is great strength in the number of people that were there. Never in the history of mankind has there been an outpouring of support for one man as there was on the 6th of January 2021. We had definitely come anyways. Indeed we had come, in the millions. We had come not for a man. We had come for an idea. A 245 some odd year old notion that government should represent the people it governs with free and fair elections where the people get to choose who they are governed by, DEFINITELY not the media machine or the social media mafia either! This is what ties us all to one another. It's the glue that holds this country together. It's why we have a republic and not a democracy. You get to have your opinion while I get to have mine. And that my friends is what is on the line, freedom of thought. Not a single sane person in this world would want to give up independant thought to the controlling elites. No force or group of forces has the ability or governing lack of principle to be monkeying around with what I believe. If I want to believe God compelled me to be there who are they to make me believe otherwise? Make no mistake about it, the media machine drove millions of people to D.C. to show their support for Donald J Trump and fair free elections going forward. This is not the end of this movement. It is only the beginning. Mark my words, the MSM

has awakened a Sleeping Giant. This Great Giant only comes to life in times of desperation and is a force within itself. You are that force. Embrace it. Nurture it. Exercise it. Hone it's skills. Use it's voice. Rise. Come to life. And,, Get ready. The fight has only just begun... End of part 1 One must eat and take a break To be finished later. Don't miss a walk into the devil's den... All rights reserved. S. W. Hager

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Post Author Stacy Wade Hager (842329274)
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Post I haven't written anything in years mostly because my family tends to get upset when they read them and the fact that it takes soo much out of me, not to mention time and a ton of energy. It's rather taxing. Back in the day, I would write blogs, 2 or 3 a week and attach songs that highlight my point which could be played while reading the blog. I haven't done that in many many moons. Today is an exception to my "new normal" and I hope you read and listen through the post in it's entirety. This is by far the most important blog of my life to date and has ramifications well beyond my little bubble of life. I pray that it may go forth and prosper across the globe from shore to shore, land to land, nation to nation, person to person. I love you all regardless of political affiliation, country or ethnicity. You All matter to me. And so it begins. 'No Quarter' They say pain, loss and despair are key to creativity. Well, there's certainly much of that going around in the weeks after the 2020 el ick tion. (Note: I'm going to try and get through this post without being flagged by mr zuk so bear with me on spelling of certain words) What has happened is a personal assault on your freedom by a bunch of folks who have forgotten how, why and the circumstances that led to it's formation. When people disregard the will of 80 million citizens things are bound to get dicey and so you get what mr book face and mr twit along with the googley eyes, not to mention the medea machine who are obviously doing their best to stifle your right to be informed. 'Close the door, put out the light No, they won't be home tonight The snow falls hard and don't you know? The winds of Thor are blowing cold ' Under cover of night, in the darkest of hours people with evil intentions have stolen something from you that if let to pass will undoubtedly be the end of the free world. The boots on the ground in every state of the nation who have done this do not care about rights or the will of a nation. They only care about themselves and their not ashamed about it! This country survived, prospered and led the world for 243 years only to be stolen under cover of darkness by evil people with dark selfish hearts,, demonocrats. 'The winds of Thor indeed...' 'They're wearing steel that's bright and true They carry news that must get through, oh They choose the path where no-one goes They hold no quarter They hold no quarter, oh' If you've shared anything that is remotely about this crime on humanity, you surely have been flagged or attacked by those who support evildoers. Trolls I have a plenty,, as I'm sure most of you have experienced on your own pages. These minions do not wear boots nor carry shields and can be vanquished with the stroke of a